The honour of an Apprentice of LONDON.

Wherein is declared his matchleſs Manhood, and brave adventures done by him in *Turkey*, and by what means he married the Kings daughter of that ſame Country.

The tune is, All you that are good fellows.

OF a worthy London Prentice
my purpoſe is to ſpeake,
And tell his brave adventures
done for his Country ſake,
Take all the world about
and you ſhall hardly find
A man in valour to exceed
a Printice gallant mind.

He was born in Cheſhire,
the cheif of men was he,
From thence brought up to London
a Prentice for to be,
A Merchant on the Bridge
did like his ſervice ſo,
That for three years his Factor
to Turkey he ſhould go.

And in that famous Country
one year he had not been,
Ere he by Wit maintained
the honour of his Queen.
Elizabeth our Princeſs
he nobly there made knowne
To be the Phenix of the world
and none but ſhe alone.

In Armour richly guilded
well mounted on a Steed,
One ſcore of Knights moſt hardy
one day he made to bleed,
And brought them all to ground,
who proudly durſt denay
Elizabeth to be the Pearle
of Princely Majeſty.

The King of that ſame Country
thereat began to frown,
And will'd his Son there preſent
to pull this youngſter down,
Who at his Fathers words
theſe boaſting ſpeeches ſaid
Thou art a Traytor Engliſh boy,
and haſt the Traytor plaid.

I am no Boy nor Traytor
thy ſpeeches I defie,
Which here will be revenged
upon thee by and by,
A London Prentice ſtil
ſhall prove as good a man
As any of your Turkiſh Knights
do all the beſt you can.

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The ſecond Part, to the ſame tune.

AND there with all he gave him
a Box upon the ear,
Which broke his neck aſunder,
as plainly doth appear,
Now know proud Turke quoth he
I am no Engliſh boy,
That can with one ſmall box o'th ear
the Prince of Turks deſtroy.

When as the King perceived,
his ſon ſo ſtrangely ſlain,
His ſoul was ſore afflicted
with more then mortal pain.
And in revenge thereof
he ſwore that he ſhould dye
The cruell death that ever man
beheld with mortal eye.

Two Lyons were prepared
this Prentice to devour,
Neer famiſht up with hunger
ten days with a tower.
To make them far more fierce
and eager of their prey
To glut themſelves with humans gore
upon that dreadfull day

The appointed time of torment
at length grew near at hand,
Where all the noble Lodies
and Barons of the Land,
Attended on the King
to ſee this Prentice ſlain,
And buried in the hungry maws
of theſe fierce Lyons twain.

Then in his ſhirt of Cambrick
with ſilk moſt richly wrought
This worthy London Prentice
was from the priſon brought
And to the Lyons given,
to ſtanch their hunger great
Which had not eat in ten days ſpace
on one ſmall bit of meat.

But God that knows all ſecrets
the matter ſo contrid'd,
That by this young mans valour
they were of life depriv'd.
For being faint for food,
they ſcarcely could withſtand,
the noble force and fortitude
And courage of his hand.

For when the hungry Lyons
had caſt on him their eyes
The Elements did thunder
with Eccho of their cryes,
And running all amain
his body to devour
Into their throats he thruſt his arms,
with all his might and power.

From thence by manly valour,
their hearts he tore in ſunder,
And at the King he threw them
to all the peoples wonder.
This have I done quoth he,
for lovely Englands ſake.
And for my Country Maiden Queen
much more will undertake.

But when the King perceived
his wrathful Lyons hearts,
Afflicted with great terror
his rigor ſoon reverts
And turned all his hate,
into remorſe and love,
And ſaid it was ſome Angel ſure
ſent down from God above,

No no I am no Angel
the courteous young man ſaid
But born in famous England.
where Gods word truly's obey'd,
Aſſiſted by the heavens.
which did me thus befriend,
Or elſe thou hadſt moſt cruelly
brought here my life to end.

The King in heart amazed,
lift up his hand to heaven,
And for his fonld offences
did crave to be forgiven,
Believing that no Land
like England might be ſeen,
For people better governed
by vertue of a Queen.

So taking up this young man
he pardond him his life.
And gave his daughter to him
to be his wedded wife.
Where then they did remain
and live in quiet peace,
In ſpending forth their happy days
in joy and loves increaſe.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertſon.